

# The Musical World.

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PRICE 4d.  
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**WANTED**, for the Church of St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, **THREE SOPRANOS**, for Morning and Evening Service. A small remuneration will be given.—Communications to be addressed to Mr. Simmons, 64, Edgware-road.

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**LAURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.**—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

**BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL**, in aid of the Funds of the **GENERAL HOSPITAL**, on the 31st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President—The Earl of DARTMOUTH.

**MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC**, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.**—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss P. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

**MADAME DE LOZANO'S MATINÉE MUSICALE**, at which she will introduce, by general desire, some of her most admired native Spanish songs, on Monday, July 12th, at half-past two, at Willis's Rooms, assisted by Mad. Rudersdorff and Madlle. Finoli, Sig. Marras, Mr. Allan Irving, Miss Chatterton, Herr E. Behm, and Mr. Oscar de la Citta. Reserved seats, 15s., to be secured only at Mad. de Lozano's, 33, Coleshill-street, Eaton-square; tickets, 10s. 6d., at the principal music-sellers.

**MADemoiselle HORTENSE PARENT** (Premier Prix de Piano et d'Harmonie du Conservatoire de Paris) has the honour to announce that her First public performance in this country will take place at her **MORNING CONCERT**, on Monday next, July 5, to commence at three o'clock precisely, under the immediate patronage and by the kind permission of the Right Hon. the Viscountess Palmerston, at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, on which occasion she will be assisted by the underrated eminent artists:—Vocalists—Madame Sherrington Lemmens and M. Jules Lefort. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Madlle. Hortense Parent; Violin, Signor Sighicelli; Violoncello, Signor Fozze; Conductor, M. Benedict. Tickets, one guinea each, to be obtained only of Madlle. Hortense Parent, 1, Warwick-street, Charing-cross.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA CONCERTS.**—The **FOURTH CONCERT** of the Series will take place on Friday next, July 9th, to commence at Three o'clock, when the following artists, amongst others, will appear:—

Madame GRISI, Madame DIDIEE, Madlle. PAREPA,  
Signor GRAZIANI, and Signor TAGLIAFICO,  
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**MADAME RUDERSDORFF, MISS PALMER, MR. GEORGE FERREN, MR. THOMAS, SIGNOR RANDEGGER, and HERR MOLIQUE.**—These distinguished artists will make a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland during the months of October and November. All applications respecting engagements for oratorios, concerts, &c., to be made forthwith to Mapleson and Co., Clarence Chambers, 12, Haymarket, London.

**CRYSTAL PALACE, Friday, July 16.**—**ARABELLA GODDARD** will perform Bach's Triple Concerto for Three Pianofortes, with Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper, at the Crystal Palace, on Friday, July 16. Madame Gossler's first appearance at the Crystal Palace. Miss Stubbach will also appear on this occasion. Mr. Sims Reeves will sing Purcell's celebrated War Song, "Come, if you dare." The Beethoven Battle Symphony for two orchestras will be performed, for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Full programme will be ready on Friday next, July 9.—Tickets may be obtained at the principal libraries and music-sellers (2s. 6d. each), until the 14th inst., after which the price of admission will be 5s.

**MR. CHARLES HALLE'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS**, Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's.—The **THIRD AND LAST CONCERT** will take place on Thursday next, July 8th, to commence at Three o'clock. Executants:—Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Charles Hallé.  
**PROGRAMME.**—Trio in C minor, Mendelssohn; Sonata, Pianoforte, in G minor, Op. 34, Clementi; Solo, Violoncello, Piatti; Sonata, Pianoforte and Violin in G major, Op. 96, Beethoven; Concerto for two Pianofortes, with orchestral accompaniments, in E flat, Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, Mozart. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; R. Olivier's, 19, Old Bond-street; and from all the principal music-sellers.

**MOZART'S CONCERTO FOR TWO PIANOFORTES**, with full orchestral accompaniments, will be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, at Mr. Hallé's last concert, on Thursday, July the 8th.

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MUSICAL  
WORLD

LONDON:

DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.,

DÉPOT GÉNÉRAL DE LA MAISON BRANDUS, DE PARIS,

244, REGENT-STREET, CORNER OF LITTLE ARGYLL-STREET.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA &amp; AUSTRALIA,

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 405.)

I THINK my last chapter must have been a pretty severe dose for my readers, but I cannot help it. I write as I think, without any set form, merely jotting down the thoughts as they rise in my noddle, for I kept no diary, never imagining that the wanderings of such an insignificant personage as myself would ever be interesting to any, except, perhaps, my numerous personal friends, who would make allowances for the many faults of style that I am sensible I possess. Yet, as I have been flatteringly told that these humble sketches, mere flashes in the pan of a tolerably retentive memory, are received by many who are strangers to me with some degree of favour, I am emboldened at times to elaborate, and notice matters and things that do not strictly belong to the vocation of a musical chronicler.

So, now imagine our party upon the little steamer "Daniel Moor," en route for Marysville, a thriving town of three years' age, upon the junction of the Yuba and Father rivers. (I beg your pardon, Signor, La Rio de las Plumas. I love these Indian and Spanish names, they are so musical.) The river above Sacramento growing gradually more shallow as we ascend the stream. The steamers are made of very light draught, and are propelled by a stern-wheel (not a submerged screw), which I imagined, in my simplicity, might be a convenient method of propulsion upon our small streams, the boats being as narrow as the screw-vessels. Marysville is about a hundred miles from Sacramento, and upon our passage we clearly discerned the lofty summits of the Sierra Nevada Range of Mountains, covered with snow, which, as the sun set low in the west (its usual destination), were robed in a delicate rose-coloured garment of borrowed light, broken here and there by a cold greenish hue from the rising moon; and, talking of moons, I do not think the moons elsewhere are at all comparable with those of California. Their brilliancy (owing to the extreme clearness of the atmosphere) being exceedingly beautiful, covering the entire face of nature with a flood of light that it is impossible for those who are only used to the shorn and "watery beams profound" of our English satellite to conceive. We landed about three miles from the city, as the Yuba was too low to permit of the boat's ascent to the wharf, and drove through an atmosphere of impalpable dust; for the soil is composed of a sort of *pulvisio* that permeates everything, and the numerous teams of cattle and mules, which are making their way in every direction, keep the dust continually rising. Marysville is well laid out, containing very fine blocks of buildings of the most admirable brickwork I ever beheld, the soil being well adapted for the manufacture of bricks; and as the people have the good sense not to plaster them over with stucco, great pains are taken with the ornamental brickwork, particularly with the joinings of white mortar, technically termed pointing. And now for our concerts. In the first place there was no concert-room, and the theatre was such a dilapidated hole that we did not know at first what to do; but eventually hired a large gambling saloon, and putting three billiard-tables together as a support to our platform, we got a lot of deal boards for seats, which were supported by small nail kegs. These, covered over with chintz calico, made quite a grand appearance; and in our further wanderings we often wished for our improvised *salon*, although we had to do all the work with our own delicate hands; and my friend the Count went to work with a will, and tore his trousers with nails, smashed his fingers with hammers, and inserted splinters into portions of his person, in a bland state of enthusiasm that was perfectly refreshing to contemplate.

Our concerts were extremely successful, and, indeed, the success was needed, our expenses being fearful, as we paid eighty guineas a-night for the use of the room alone, without reckoning the expense of lighting, printing, or our amateur carpentering; and on our last night's performance we had a novel scene. A certain middle-aged gentleman, who shall be nameless, had, in his enthusiasm for music (and possibly the fair *cantatrice*) followed us from Sacramento. He was a great horticulturist and florist, and California is much

indebted to his exertions in aiding the development of her natural agricultural resources; but his thoughts were all eminently poetical, that is poetical after the Rosa Matilda style, and he imparted to me in strict confidence a little pleasing surprise that he intended to execute upon our last night. I religiously kept his secret, as I knew some fun would be the result; and imagine the fair Elisa's surprise when, rising like an amiable clean-shaved Venus from the sea, he walked from the centre of the audience clad in white calico (no doubt to symbolise his purity of intention) with a large sash of green leaves suspended from his left shoulder, and bearing in his hand a gorgeous wreath of wild prairie flowers. Advancing up the centre aisle, he stopped, turned out his toes, smiled benignantly, and laying his hand upon the left side of his waistcoat, addressed the lady (who made desperate efforts to bolt, prevented by me), and delivered something like the following delightful nonsense:—"Stay, sweet enchantress, stay, and hear thy votary, who kneeling at thy shrine" (here he bobbed) "asks thee in pity to receive this gift from Flora thy sister goddess of the realms of beauty. Roaming this morn among the flowery meads, the goddess in her radiant loveliness advanced, and thus addressed me:—'Mortal, and subject mine, I blame thee not that thou dost leave my service—the charms of music are more powerful than those which I can offer, so I absolve thee from thy sworn allegiance. Hie thee, and bear this gift unto my sister queen of song.'" Here he stopped, and hoisted up a wreath weighing about ten pounds, and as large as a moderate sized cart-wheel. The poor little woman was, by this time, like an overcharged bottle of ginger-beer, and if I had not been the restraining string that kept the cork in, there would have been an explosion of the most fearful nature. Of course, any reply from her was out of the question, but I kept my gravity, though sorely tempted; and, taking the wreath, made a nonsensical speech, in which I made the "queen of song" present her respectful compliments to Mrs. Flora, and not to be out-done in generosity, restored the wreath to the votary who had so well earned the love of such a goddess, and then I stuck the wreath on his head, covering up his left eye, and he retired, highly gratified, to his seat, where he sat like a dignified Jack-in-the-green, amidst the derisive shrieks of applause of the audience, which he received with a calm air of superiority that was exquisitely absurd. I do not exactly know whether I am justified in thus exposing the innocent folly of a truly worthy and kind-hearted man, and can only offer in justification, the same excuse as the Irishman did, who, when expostulated with for tapping an aged gentleman upon the cranium, naively replied that "he could not resist the bald head, it was too tempting." During our stay in Marysville I made several visits to an Indian village, dignified with the imposing title of Yuba City, and beheld its wretched occupants in all their glory. They are, without exception, the most degraded race upon the face of the earth; they are mere animals; no hog was ever half so filthy; and, although, when they come into the towns they are compelled to wear some sort of clothing, in their own villages they (young and old, men and women) go completely naked, lying about in apathetic slumber, and only moving when obliged by hunger, or where there is a chance of getting whiskey. They are destitute of all sensation, and even the savage virtue of revenge is unknown to them. Did I say destitute of all sensation? I was wrong. One holy feeling the women do possess—love for their children. They derive their name of Digger Indians from the manner in which their huts are formed, viz.:—by digging a circular hole in the ground, about six feet deep, by twenty in diameter. These holes are then covered with poles, slanting almost horizontally to the centre, where a small aperture is left to carry off the smoke of the fire. An opening is then made at the side, sloping downwards to the floor, which is just large enough to admit of entrance upon the hands and knees; so that the city has much the appearance of a collection of dirty meat-pies, ready for the oven of some Titanic baker. And now I have told how these desirable tenements are formed, I must relate a comical scene that I witnessed, in company with several friends, upon a state visit we paid to Yuba city.



Among the acquaintances I picked up was a young gentleman from England, making his travels in company with an eyeglass; and if Dickens had not, in his character of young Tite Barnacle, so admirably portrayed this member of the genus snob, I should have been tempted to try my "prentice hand" upon him; but it would be too great an impertinence, and I must refer my readers to "Little Dorrit" for a description of an animal that you will find, more or less snobbish, all the world over. As there was to be a grand Pow-wow at the village, upon some such occasion as the birth of a new moon, the death of an old one, or more probable still, the possession of a barrel of whisky, several young bucks of Marysville, including young Barnacle and myself, determined upon going at night, when the fun would be fast and furious, and paying our respects to the Indian beauties. Barnacle, whose ideas of Indians were formed upon the veracious accounts of Cooper, whose impossible heroes are generally supposed in England to be the *bears* ideal of savage chivalry, was delighted at the idea, and arranged himself gorgeously in a pink shirt, a blue neckcloth, and a very tall and shiny hat. His eyes were naturally weak, thereby emulating his knees, and one of his optics nearly destroyed by the sensible process so fashionable among certain idiots, of flattening it against a glass. Carrying a weapon about sixteen inches long, formed of a very small cane with an ivory handle, poor little Barnacle evidently thought himself irresistible, and was full of enthusiasm at the thought of the "dayvelish rum start," as he termed our excursion. The night was still and beautiful; we walked about three miles to a ferry, and then crossed the Father river to the village opposite. With the exception of the extremely old diggers, and those who were blind (a vast proportion), all the Indians were collected in the grand council chamber, or lodge, which was in the centre of the meat-pies, and upon a much larger scale. Sounds of demoniac revelling arose from the interior, which appeared to me as if old Clotie had been studying Monsieur Soyer, and had imprisoned his "four-and-twenty blackbirds," who, mistaking their vocation, had begun singing before "the pie was opened." The sounds were perfectly devilish, and I glanced at little Barnacle, expecting him to show the white feather, but not a bit of it. Unmitigated snob as he was, he was a plucky little fellow, and immediately proceeded to crawl in head first, but as we informed him that such was not the etiquette, he reversed his position, and we soon saw nothing but the lurid glare of his shiny white hat as he disappeared down the hole. We followed, and were at once assisting at what I presume was a meeting of the Aboriginal Philharmonic Society of Yuba City. The lodge, about forty feet in diameter, was well filled with ladies and gentlemen who had carried the art of *full dress* to the highest (or lowest) pitch of perfection, as they were perfectly nude; those pests of fathers of families, milliners' bills, being unknown. A large fire was burning in the centre, round which the members of the society were "bobbing all around, around," to the serious detriment of their elaborately ornamented *chevelures*. The orchestra was composed of three professors (no doubt doctors of the Yuba university), two of whom performed upon hollow gourds filled with pebbles, while the other jumped up and down upon two crooked boards. The effect, though novel, I cannot truly say was exactly pleasing to our uneducated ears; and I have no doubt the learned quint-hunter of the *Saturday Review* might have detected a few consecutive fifths, but as I had no score before me, I did not wish to be hypercritical upon the composition. As the thermometer was about boiling heat, it may well be imagined that the atmosphere was filled with anything but breezes of "Araby the blest," and we soon found the necessity of departing without waiting for our carriages to be announced, and little Barnacle took the initiative in ascending the tunnel. He had got about half way through, when, to our astonishment, back he shot into the midst of the lodge, with his beaver flattened over his eyes—a regular crush Gibus; the cause of his propulsion was soon explained, for—"Oh! shame, oh! sorrow, and oh! womankind!"—the broad disk of one of the lady patronesses made its appearance through the aperture, and as Barnacle had chosen the same moment for his exit as the lady had for her entrance, the doctrine of the resistance of solid bodies was most effectually solved, much to the

discomfiture of the little man, and indignation of the lady, who grunted out a "Ugh!" and immediately set to work toeing and heeling it like mad. We got out safely, and, by keeping watch outside, induced Barnacle to follow, and at length he appeared in a most dilapidated condition, and became positively irascible, as we joked him about the fair Indian Princess; and it was not until our arrival home, and the imbibulation of countless drinks, that the poor little fellow forgot his *contretemps*, and was carried to bed in the jolliest of humours, musically insisting that he was "a Gipsy King, ha! ha!" and trying to impress upon us the propriety of "not going home till morning," and various other ditties of a similar jovial and reckless tendency.

(To be continued.)

## ROSSINI'S WILLIAM TELL.

BY A FOREIGN CONTRIBUTOR.

THIS immortal masterpiece was played for the first time in Paris in the month of August, 1829. It was with this marvellous score that Rossini closed the series of his musical dramatic compositions.

Let us look back to consider the gigantic step here made by the Swan of Pesaro in operatic music. When he began his musical career, Mayer and Paer were the great musical stars in Italy. These two eminent musicians were the worthy successors of Guglielmi, Paisiello, and Cimarosa. These minor stars, whose rays were not wanting in brilliancy, were followed by Valentino Fioravanti, Giuseppe Farinelli, Nasolini, Niccolini, Gnecco, Federigi, Mosca, Orgitano, Salieri, Pavesi, Portogallo, Winter, Weigl, Zingarelli, Generali, Morlacchi, etc. But Rossini came, and threw them all into the shade. And yet his adversaries were full of vigour, and he had to contend with men of no mean talent. While he was engaged upon his first operas, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* and the *Equivoco Stravagante*, Mayer's *Medea* and Paer's *Agnese* were brought out. In the year 1813, however, after having written several operas in a short space of time, he composed *Tancredi*, which produced a revolution in theatrical music. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm produced by this opera; it amounted to frenzy, and flew like a mighty eagle over all Europe.

But if we now pass from *Tancredi* to *William Tell*, how our admiration increases to see the enormous advance, considering the latter opera as beyond all comparison with any other!

His stay at Paris certainly produced a decided change in Rossini's genius. In that great capital, where Glück founded his wonderful reform in the musical drama, which Méhul, Cherubini, Spontini have further consolidated, and where we find a public, to their praise be it said, who listen attentively to that philosophical and expressive music which satisfies at the same time the ear, the heart, and the intelligence, Rossini resolved to join the Glückian battalion; in which, if he were the last in point of time, he became the first by his talents. This was not the first time that Rossini had produced dramatic, philosophic, and expressive music; and we find many examples of it in his previous operas; but he had not as yet written any score so conceived from beginning to end.

Among the many reformers of the musical drama, we are of opinion that Spontini, by his admirable truth of expression, had more influence than any other on the genius of Rossini. Spontini attained the summit of his glory in Paris in 1807 and 1808, when he wrote those famous operas *La Vestale* and *Fernando Cortez*, at the time when Rossini brought out in Italy his first composition, a cantata entitled *Il Pianto d'Armonia*. Spontini, a great Italian genius, was almost unknown in Italy; so that he did not enjoy that influence to which he was entitled in his own country. It was not so in France, where, having overcome all obstacles, he acquired and maintained for a long period his superiority. But he had a long and obstinate struggle to maintain before he conquered his numerous enemies. M. Berlioz tells us that at the first representation of *La Vestale*, the pupils of the Conservatory of Paris, excited by their masters and professors, went to the theatre with their nightcaps in their pockets, resolved in the second act to place them on their heads and feign to sleep. But this absurd idea was abandoned, for the sublime notes of *La Vestale* astonished all present; so much so, that in the famous finale of the second act the pupils of the Conservatory themselves were the loudest in their applause. In France Spontini found enemies, but in Italy he met with worse than enemies, indifference.

Rossini considered the subject of *William Tell* as well adapted to dramatic and philosophical music. Grétry had already, thirty-eight years before, chosen and set to music this same subject, in opposition to Méhul and Cherubini, then in the height of their glory; but without success. It was otherwise with Rossini, who, with this opera, overcame all his predecessors.

The theme of *William Tell*, whether true or not, has all the materials of a good melo-drama; but the librettists, Jouy and Ippolite Bis, although they have taken a few good things from Schiller, and imagined some few good situations, produced a very weak and crude book, without development. The mediocrity of the libretto does not, however, produce any material effect on the music, to save which, however, recourse was had to a few mutilations, which shortened it by one act. It is strange when we reflect on this mutilation of Rossini's music, when we see how many worse books the swan of Pesaro has saved. But the case is different, since the music which, like that of *William Tell*, gains force from the dramatic force, requires a drama provided with the required attractions, and sufficient of itself to interest the public. On this occasion we may remark that music sharpens the darts which the poet has aimed at the heart.

But let us now come to a review of the principal pieces of this classical score. The overture, by its form and conception, is essentially different from all hitherto done by Rossini. It is not a collection of motives which please the ear, but, similar to Beethoven's symphonies, it is the explanation of an event, a whole poem. In point of fact, Rossini's idea was to represent in this overture the revolt of the Swiss, which is the theme of the opera. The andante of the overture has an air of mystery which invites attention. Then comes the allegro, which depicts a tempest to perfection. Where is this tempest? Are we on the sea, on the lake, or elsewhere? Calm succeeds; we hear a pastoral sound suggesting the idea of an Alpine country, and you see Switzerland, as it were, before you, and you deduce of course that the tempest is on a lake. Thus transported in imagination to Switzerland, a warlike march of the greatest vigour is heard, which lasts up to the end of the overture. Then among the warlike feats of the Swiss, we naturally hit upon that of *William Tell* as the principal one. Such is the musical language of this opera.

Throughout the opera the pastoral character prevails. In many parts we hear certain bars of the *Ranz des Vaches*, an old Swiss air most dear to the hearts of the inhabitants of the Alpine mountains. It is known that in France it was prohibited, under pain of death, to play this air to the Swiss troops, from the fact that it created home sickness among the soldiers, and caused them to desert or commit suicide. Besides this air, Rossini frequently employed the triple time, as the 3-8, 6-8, &c., from the fact of its being more genial to pastoral music. He refused to employ any foreign ornament, and discarding almost every sort of *floriture*, he wrote a simple and vigorous music, highly energetic for its dramatic accent.

The introduction is marked with the most striking pastoral colouring. In the *barcarole*, sung by the Fisherman, we observe, at certain intervals of the song, the instrumental part which recalls to mind, in a characteristic passage, the "*Ranz des Vaches*." Beautiful, indeed, is the antithesis which the song of William makes with that of the fisherman, when afterwards, to the voices of William and the fisherman, are joined those of Jemmy and Edwige, a quartetto of the finest effect is heard. The instrumentation then recalls the most characteristic passages of the "*Ranz des Vaches*," followed by a most beautiful chorus, which, being in a minor key, excites in the midst of the rejoicings a feeling of sadness in the peasants, to whom Gessler's tyranny forbids frank hilarity. On the arrival of Melchtal, the chorus passes into the major key, and a change takes place in the musical thought in keeping with the respectful greeting due to the wise man of the pastors. It would lead us too far to notice every beauty to be found in this score, we shall therefore confine ourselves to the principal ones.

Let us observe the grand concerted piece, "*Alziamo insieme il canto*," and more particularly the *fortissimo* in which Jemmy predominates, and which is followed by a *piano*. Remark in the *stretta* of this introduction, "*Al frema*" the very beautiful cadenza, varied for two voices, the first passing from the key of G to that of E flat, and the second, on the contrary, to that of E natural.

In the duet between Arnoldo and William, we remark the instrumentation of the speaker, and then the beautiful change of key, when, from the chord of B flat with the chord of the seventh, they pass into G flat without the help of harmony, and with the simple union of the notes, B natural and C natural. After this, Arnoldo begins with a D flat, the cantabile "*Ah Matilde*" in the key of G flat. Mozart, in the seventeenth scene of the second act of *Don Giovanni*, from the key of D, with the single note E, passed into the key of F: and Haydn also in the seventy-fourth quartetto, has employed a similar method of transition, which may produce the finest effect, when not abused. It must also be observed, that the first period of this sweetest of melodies is done at a single stroke: there are eight bars, which do not result, as it frequently happens from two similar phrases. The cantilena of William Tell with that of Arnoldo are admirably coupled together, although they express different sentiments. In the *allegro*

following we hear for the first time the tune of the hunting song, which is, as it were, personal to Gessler. The cabaletta of this duet, "*O ciel tu lo sai*," invites our attention by its great similitude to another piece, which we shall notice hereafter.

The music of the procession of the three bridegrooms is the very essence of rural simplicity. The dancing chorus in A minor is full of enchanting grace. The joy, first mixed with melancholy, clears up, until all forget their troubles: this is well expressed by Rossini in the passage in A major, in which key the piece ends. After a dancing air, the chorus "*Si cinge il pro guerriero*," is particularly to be remarked, because Rossini employed the same melody as the music of the procession above alluded to, only he converts the time 2-4 into 6-8.

In the finale, among other things, we admire the *preghiera* of women, during which the men sing in broken intervals only; of these some express fear, others threats. The *stretta* is full of energy, and the fact of its being but slightly embellished by the singing, increases the horror of the scene. We observe in the cadenza that when Jemmy and the Fisherman, with the rhythm employed in the *crescendo*, continue during eight bars also in the key of E, sustained in this key by Rodolfo and Edwige, the Chorus and Melchtal ascend by degrees, syncopeing from the upper E down to the octave below. The syncope tempers in a manner certain crude combinations, giving to certain notes the semblance of passing notes. We point out also in the same cadenza the sudden transition of the chord of E to that of F, and from the latter to the chord of B with the chord of the seventh, which leads us back again to E.

The second act opens with the hunting music applied to the personage of Gessler and his court. After a short and expressive chorus of hunters, there is a chorus of Swiss, with the bell, which finishes in a singular manner, descending by degrees from C to G always in thirds, fifths, and octaves. These chords have no relation with each other, and consequently excite in the mind a certain feeling of pain, as if from a change neither expected nor desired, which is well calculated to represent that sadness which pervades the Swiss on seeing the sun set. The great Palestrina, perhaps with the same intention as Rossini, had already employed a similar sudden transition of different tonalities in his *Stabat Mater*, where, suddenly in the commencement, we find three perfect chords, which descend one degree.

The romanza "*Selva opaca*" is one of the sweetest melodies of the opera. Fétis, in his *Treatise on Harmony*, points out in the third bar a chord of 1st and 3rd minor, 4th major, and 6th minor, which is resolved (the 1st remaining the same) into 1st, 3rd major and 5th. This modulation is alleged by Fétis as one of the examples which help to prove his ingenious theory of Transcendental Enharmonics, by means of which omnitonics are joined to music, "and is, in the opinion of the illustrious author, the final termination of the development of the combinations of harmony." In the systems of Rameau, Sonje, Schröter, Kirnberger, and Catel, there are the elements of this theory, which Fétis rendered complete by establishing it on the principle of tonality.

In the duet of Matilde with Arnold, the *agitato* contains a beautiful musical phrase in the eighteenth bar. The seven *staccati*, *loud* chords, which precede this phrase, produce an opportune variety which tempers the length of the piece. As soon as the tenor has repeated the same air as the soprano, we find an *andantino* 3-8, the first eight bars of which recall to mind the burthen which we have already pointed out as the *cabaletta* of the duet between William and Arnold. The change which takes place in the time and movement, in certain notes and in the modulation, does not at all alter its substance. It would, therefore, appear that the semblance of an air does not always proceed from a similarity of its component parts, but from certain special features, which, being preserved, maintain its character in the airs. The development of the musical thought in this piece, is, however, different from that of the duet in the first act. The singing parts are most admirably combined. The *a due*, with which the duet terminates, has a certain similitude to Bellini. We have no intention of saying that the first operas of the Catanian composer had any influence on Rossini's style, but we wish merely to state, that in this piece, he has adopted one of those methods which Bellini frequently used, to give a melancholy accent to his music, that is to say, the *appogiature* as principal notes of the melody.

Next follows the famous *terzetto*, the finest ever composed. The melody, "*Allor che scorre do' forti il sangue*," gives an irresistible force to the severity of the outrage expressed in the words. Rossini has avoided accompanying this melody with his accustomed *arpeggi*, which would have taken away all its energy. The *andantino*, "*Troncar suoi di*," reaches the sublime. There is no song to catch the ear, but there are notes so well adapted to the words that they lacerate the heart. The different tonalities of E major and C major to accompany

the tremendous exclamation, "Il Padre ahimè mi malediva," are successively used in the magical effect. The progression of the tenor from the upper G to A sharp and B creates a shudder. This is an *alzato* (ascension) which the successors of Rossini have imitated over and over again, without, however, regard to its proper application. When the tenor descends from the upper B and executes the cadenza, he employs many notes of the value of a sixteenth, to each of which a syllable is applied. This adds to the dramatic effect, which could not have been done with vocalisation. The harmonies produced by the bass and barytone during this cadenza, and above all a chord of the fifth with the grave in the *smerzando*, are highly impressive. The allegro of this *terzetto* is full of life and warlike ardour; but it has one drawback, it comes too soon after the sublime *andantino*. Emotions must not follow too quick on each other.

This act finishes, which is perfect from beginning to end, with the imposing scene of the oath. We see with what different music Rossini has accompanied the arrival of the inhabitants of Unterwald, of Schwitz, and Uri. We cannot but point out the fine recitative of William Tell, which begins with "La Valanga che voce dalla cima de' monti," on which first words Rossini has designated a mountain by the various height of the notes. If we have only as yet pointed out the beauty of this recitative, we have done it for want of space, for all the recitatives of this opera are imagined in a high philosophical spirit. In the *andante maestoso*, in which the oath ("il giuramento") scene properly begins, in order to impart to it that character of solemnity which belongs to it, Rossini employed at the onset, descending from the acute to the grave, those notes which compose the perfect chord of 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 8th, passing afterwards into different keys and without any preparation. When afterwards all say in unison, "Se qualche vil v'ha qui tra noi" at that skip from the octave suddenly to the upper E flat, while the basses of the orchestra play the first time, the D flat and the second the C flat, the mind is filled with terror. After a few imitations between the three conspirators and the chorus, there is a very expressive *pianissimo*; then we hear a progression of different scales descending only seven notes, which are alternately imitated by the tenors of the three choruses, always one note higher. They return afterwards to the phrase "Se qualche vil," and after the *pianissimo* there is an interruption with a very short recitative, which prepares the effect of the final cadenza. Where the unexpected passage from the chord of C minor, by the three voices alone, to that of B flat major, given with force by all, together with the orchestra, we should be shaken were we of stone. The third act opens with the air of Mathilde. The *agitato*, although somewhat long, invites attention up to the end. The accompaniment expresses, with much truth, the agitation of the mind. The *moderato*, "Ah se caro a te son io," is composed of eighteen bars, in which there is no symmetry, but the thought is well expressed and is a good model to follow. Rossini has thrown into it so much violence that it is well adapted to represent the state of a mind under the influence of a passion which knows no rule. We observe in the second, third, and fifth bar of this *moderato*, how much grace and sweet melancholy the melody acquires on the last note of the passage, which is an anticipation of the following chord. It is worthy of remark how well this capricious modulation is accompanied in this piece.

After a march and a chorus, in which Gessler is lauded to the skies, we have a *ballabile* intermixed with a waltz, in the Tyrolese style, sung by the chorus without accompaniment.

Next follows a quartetto with chorus, done with a masterly hand. The different voices are not treated as instruments, they maintain the parts which they represent, so that the music does not injure, but rather assists the dramatic effect. Opportune and logical variety, without any sacrifice of unity, form the great attractions of this piece.

In the *finale* of this act the air, sung by William Tell, before he fires the arrow at the apple placed on his son's head, is truly sublime. The music which accompanies the words pronounced by William indicates the seeming calm of his mind; but the agitation, which William conceals from his son, so as not to frighten him, is revealed to the spectator by means of the accompaniment in the *andante*. We find a similar example of opposition between the melody and accompaniment in the air of Orestes in the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, by the great Gluck. We read in the "Allemagne," by Madame de Staël, that the orchestra of Paris, when they accompanied this air for the first time, fancying they perceived contradictions between the words "La calma torna nel mio cuore," very properly expressed by a tranquil melody and the agitation of the accompaniment, requested to have the latter changed. But Gluck exclaimed in a towering rage, "Gentlemen, do not fancy that Orestes is speaking the truth; he says he is calm, but he lies, I tell you." Next, turning to the above-named air of William Tell, we wish to point out one of the most tender and moving passages ever set to music.

Rossini, in writing this piece, was no doubt thinking of his mother, whom he loved so deeply: he must certainly have wept. Wept, indeed! He, Rossini, so ironical by nature, so jocular, so sarcastic, has perhaps for once taken the thing seriously! Yes, we affirm, that Rossini must have wept, in writing these notes. And what is there so astonishing in it? Did not Mozart, that soul so melancholy, laugh, it is reported, three or four times in his life?

A fine concerted piece follows, next an *allegro vivace*, in which Tell first cries out "Anatema a Gessler," on a chord of G flat major, during which the chorus of soldiers of Gessler holds a C natural on the words "Viva Gessler." This produces a real discord, which Rossini has perpetrated to show the reciprocal aversion of the oppressed and oppressors.

The fourth act is certainly not the best, and the whole fault lies with the librettists, who were unable to keep up the interest of the drama to the end, and imagine a *dénouement* worthy of so grand a subject. Yet, such as it is, Rossini writes: we do not fear mediocrity, but we only get that smaller effect which proceeds from the want of dramatic impulse. The tenor's air is very fine. The *andantino* expresses magically Arnoldi's state of mind, when he comes to visit for the last time the house inhabited by his father. The sweet melody of the *ritornello* is twice more repeated during the air, as a dear remembrance of happy days. The *allegro* or *cabaletta*, in which the chorus takes a part at times, is so full of vehemence; that it is well appropriated to the thirst of vengeance which stimulates Arnoldi.

An elaborate *terzettino*, written as a canon, gives Rossini an opportunity of composing good music, without the help of the dramatic situation.

Then begins the scene of the tempest, combined with a prayer; and the opera concludes with a general chorus of the Swiss, who have revolted after the death of Gessler. Rossini, not content with the ending first imagined, varied it by employing the famous march of the overture.

We are sorry that want of space has prevented our pointing out more than a few of the principal pieces of this masterpiece. We are, however, persuaded we have said enough to prove that since *William Tell*, no progress in operatic music has been made in Italy. Would we could say at least that it had not seriously declined!

DURILLON D'ENGELURE.

[M. d'Engelure begs us, in a note, to correct his MS. before printing it. We prefer, however, giving it *verbatim* in his own terms. It is not every Frenchman that can write such good English.—Ed. M. W.]

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Every one knows the Story of "Camilla Cottage," the country box built out of the profits of the third novel by "the-then-Bookham-and-afterwards-West-Hamble-Hermit" (as Madame d'Arbly styled herself)—every one has heard how, when the walls were up and the floors were down, it occurred to somebody that such a thing as a staircase had been forgotten!—The case of St. James's Hall is not quite so doleful; yet we cannot help being reminded by the concert-room of the cottage. The fault complained of cannot be ascribable to Mr. Owen Jones, the architect; but it is odd that, after a committee of musicians had sat and sat again to determine on the internal arrangements of a music-room, there is not a single musician who enters the Hall that has not complained of the construction of the orchestra. This, it may be remembered, was questioned by us when the hall was opened; and the defect in accommodation has been so universally felt, that on Monday week, in his *programme*, Dr. Wylde absolutely broke forth into print, calling on the shareholders to agitate for some large and radical change. It is too late now to do this, without risk of spoiling Mr. Owen Jones's elegant room, yet the injury must be risked—or the place may become a music-hall deserted, and concert-givers forsake St. James for St. George, or St. Martin, when they intend to assemble a full band and chorus. Is there another capital in the world where so many failures of the kind occur as in London? We should be glad, in removal of a rebuke which weighs heavy on us, to know its name.—*Athenæum*.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, according to some of the Parisian theatrical journals, has been invited by the Emperor of Russia to organise, in different parts of the empire, eighteen French theatres.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Flotow's *Martha* has been given here in Russian, and proved very successful.



## GREAT (PIANISTIC) UNKNOWN.

SIGISMUND GOLDSCHMIDT (not to be confounded with Otto Goldschmidt), born 1815 in Prague, once made the artistic tour of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France, &c. A very superior piano-player, whom it would be difficult to surpass in the execution of passages in thirds and sixths. His compositions are superb—his sonatas, particularly—and foremost in the music-literature of the day. This great and genial pianist has been compelled to bid adieu to art by the venial press of Paris. To pay critics, *in advance*, he held beneath his dignity, and the consequence was—a failure. Discouraged, he returned to his father in Prague, who is a highly-respectable merchant there—a leather-dealer. This true son of the Muses took such a step ten years ago (in 1847), and became immediately a business partner with his father. Sigismund reckoned quite rightly, that out of his father's stock of leather he could cut very excellent straps enough to secure him a comfortable subsistence. The so-called Parisian critics of ten years ago have the loss to the world of such a man upon their conscience.—*New York Musical World*.

MADLLE. NANNETTE FALK is a young pianist of whom we have already spoken in the *Gazette Musicale*. She courts publicity but little, for she is of a modest disposition, and is about to return to Germany, without having done all that is requisite to found and permanently establish the reputation she deserves. There are few pianists in Paris that can interpret as she does Beethoven's last sonatas, opp. 106, 110, 111, &c. By an artistic caprice, she only plays to a select circle of amateurs. We have heard her several times, particularly at the house of Madlle. Jenny Botzun, the celebrated teacher of the piano. She received the warm plaudits of her audience very calmly, as though accustomed to such marks of appreciation. Madlle. Falk is the *virtuosa* of domestic circles.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

## BAIL COURT.

(Sittings at Nisi Prius, before MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN and Common Juries.)

BLOCKLY v WISE.

Mr. Collier and Mr. Wood were counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. Hawkins for the defendant. This was an action brought by the plaintiff, who had been thirty years organist for the parish of Hendon, to recover £70 from the defendant, who was churchwarden for the parish, as the amount of salary due to him. As soon as the first witness was called, a conversation took place between the counsel. Mr. Hawkins stated that he believed the defendant was not personally liable, but the parish, feeling that the plaintiff ought to be paid, had agreed to give the plaintiff £70—a juror to be withdrawn. The Learned Judge said he thought it a hard case so far as the plaintiff was concerned, because the parish could not expect that Mr. Blockly would play the organ for two years without remuneration. The defendant to pay the plaintiff £70, and a juror to be withdrawn.

GLASGOW.—(From a Correspondent).—The Brouil Family gave three Concerts in the Trade's Hall, on the 17th, 19th, and 21st ultimo, which were well received. They were assisted by Miss Jenny Cudworth, who sang "When my love sighs I hear," and other popular ballads, with much taste and expression.

SPOHR has definitively accepted the invitation to be present at the jubilee of the Prague Conservatory. He has been asked to conduct his own grand composition of *Jessonda*.—Madlle. Wildhauer, who was taken ill in London, and obliged to give up her concerts, being advised by her physician to go to some watering place, is engaged for twelve nights at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1859.—*Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.

VIENNA.—Although the report that Liszt intends to establish a musical conservatory on a grand scale in Vienna, is, as yet, somewhat vague, it is certain that a plan for such an institution has been seriously proposed, under the patronage of a very high personage, and, when the new arrangements for rebuilding part of the city have been definitely arranged, measures will be instantly taken to carry it into execution.

BERLIN.—A benefit, under the patronage of the highest personages in the state, was promised by Herr van Hülssen, the Intendant General of the Theatres Royal, when the committee appointed by the theatres of Germany met in Dresden, for the erection of a monument to Weber. The entertainment was to consist of the three hundred and first representation of *Der Freischütz*, preceded by a prologue, written by Herr Düringer, the stage-manager, and *tableaux vivants*. The preparations were sufficiently advanced for the performance to have taken place on the 18th June, the anniversary of the first performance of *Der Freischütz*. On account, however, of the oppressive heat, so unfavourable to the theatres, there would have been but little chance of so full a house as the committee of the Weber monument could wish for the three hundredth and first representation of *Der Freischütz*. In order, therefore, that the benefit at the Theatre Royal may contribute as large a sum as possible to the funds for the monument, the management has postponed the performance, from the 18th June to the autumn, a season far more propitious to theatres.

St. PETERSBURGH.—M. Guédéonoff, the director of the Imperial Theatres, has asked leave to resign. M. André Sabouroff, Master of the Court of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, is mentioned as likely to succeed him, with whom will be joined a committee of competent persons. This change cannot fail to effect a serious reform in the mode of administration now practised in the theatres of Saint Petersburg.

ROSSINI'S OPERAS.—According to the Italian papers, the people throughout the entire peninsula are returning to their ancient love for Rossini's music. At Rome, the *Siege of Corinth* is now the operatic rage; whilst at Florence and Genoa, *Guillaume Tell* and *Moisé* are being performed with the utmost enthusiasm. A few vocalists of the old school alone are wanted to make Rossini's operas as popular as ever. Verdi's music not only wears out the singers, but the hearers, while the music of the Swan of Pesaro, like port wine, is rendered more palatable by age. One bottle of old Rossini is worth a pipe of Verdi.

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Conserver ce Numéro en cas de réclamation.

VOITURE A DEUX PLACES.

TARIF p<sup>r</sup> Paris et jusqu'aux fortifications.

De 6 heures du matin à minuit 30 min.	De minuit 30 min. à 6 heures du matin.
1 <sup>re</sup> HEURE.	1 <sup>re</sup> HEURE.
15 minutes ... Of. 75c.	15 minutes ... 1f. 20c.
20 ..... 1 0	20 ..... 1 40
25 ..... 1 25	25 ..... 1 60
30 ..... 1 50	30 ..... 1 80
35 ..... 1 55	35 ..... 2 0
40 ..... 1 60	40 ..... 2 20
45 ..... 1 65	45 ..... 2 40
50 ..... 1 70	50 ..... 2 60
55 ..... 1 75	55 ..... 2 80
60 ..... 1 80	60 ..... 3 0

HEURES SUIVANTES  
15 centimes  
par cinq minutes.

HEURES SUIVANTES  
25 centimes  
par cinq minutes.

EN DEHORS DES FORTIFICATIONS (sauf le Bois de Boulogne), le Tarif est le même que celui de nuit, à partir de 6 heures du matin jusqu'à 8 heures du soir, en hiver (du 1<sup>er</sup> octobre au 30 mars), et jusqu'à 10 heures du soir, en été (du 1<sup>er</sup> avril au 30 septemb.)

\* For the advantage of such of our subscribers as are about to fly the banks of the Thames for the embankments of the Seine.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Titiens, Alboni, Spezia, Ortolani, and Piccolomini; Belletti, Benavante, Violetti, Aldighieri, Rossi, and Giuglini.

The following arrangements have been made:—

Monday, July 5.—Last Morning Performance, with the following combined attraction, *LUCREZIA BORGIA*, and Paisiello's admired Operetta, *LA SERVA PADRONA*, as presented with the greatest success at Mr. Benesiet's Concert, and a favourite Ballet with Madame Rosati and Madlle. Pocchini.

Boxes, from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Pit Stalls, 21s.; Pit and Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Tuesday, July 6.—Last night but three of the Subscription, will be revived Verdi's Opera of *NINO* (Nabuco). Abigail, Madlle. Spezia (her first appearance).

Thursday, July 8.—Last Extra Night but one, *DON GIOVANNI*. And Saturday, July 10.—Last night but two of the Subscription, will be presented, first time this season, Balfe's Opera of *LA ZINGARA* (The Bohemian Girl).

On each occasion a favourite Ballet, in which Madame Rosati and Madlle. Pocchini will appear.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

### ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

**ON** Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the new Farce, entitled *DYING FOR LOVE*.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—On Saturday evening next, July 3, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled, *GOING TO THE BAD*. To conclude with *THE WINDMILL*. Commence at half-past 7.

### MARRIED.

On the 3rd Feb., at St. James's church, Paddington, by the Rev. Beauchamp Tyrwhitt, John Dunstan, Esq., Governor of Chester Castle, to Emily Catherine, eldest daughter of Cipriani Potter, Esq., of Inverness-terrace, Bayswater.

### DIED.

On the 27th June, Augusta, second daughter of Thomas Frederick Beale, Esq., of Regent-street.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 3RD, 1858.

Music has taken so large a hold on the popular mind in this country, that its capacity for good or for evil can no longer be doubted. It may confer important social benefits, or assist in the propagation of a taste less vulgar than depraved. High art and low art are not the only distinctions; there is also bad art, which possesses a more dangerous fascination for the educated than for the uneducated classes. Low art may be vigorously represented, and in this form can do no harm if it does no very great good; but the tendency of the other art to which we allude is the more pernicious, inasmuch as it is specious, and attempts to pass for that which it is not. Against this we should chiefly be on our guard, for it spreads like a fungus when once it has taken root. We sincerely believe that in no country is the love and appreciation of good music more general than in our own; but, on the other hand, it is equally a fact that nowhere else is there so much bad music cultivated, so much quackery fostered and cherished. The middle classes are the great stronghold of true art among us, the aristocracy its perhaps unconscious betrayers. It devolves, then, upon those who pretend to influence public opinion, to encourage the middle classes in their predilections, and to watch with anxiety the progress of such established institutions as provide antidotes for the poison insidiously circulated by all sorts of dishonest practitioners. At the present time such a surveillance is of the highest import, since the stream of melody is in peril of being choked up by the sewage of a veritable art-Babylon, and, if the evil be not arrested in time, may become as muddy and

corrupt as that of the Thames itself. There is, however, some hope. By slow steps the noble and wealthy begin to take an interest in what are termed "classical" concerts—in plain English, concerts of good music, where what the past has produced and the present is producing of worthy can be heard. A well-known institution, where the quartets, and other compositions for the chamber, of the great masters are performed, often with rare perfection—just as their orchestral works are given at the concerts of the Philharmonic, and their sacred compositions at Exeter and St. Martin's Halls—has had a hand in this, and might have done still better service but for certain eccentricities of management. The more the upper classes are attracted to such entertainments, the better chance of their being gradually weaned away from others of a less healthy character—the better chance of their engaging professors of real merit for their children, professors who conscientiously regard the trust reposed in them, and would disdain, under the pretext of teaching a refined and elegant accomplishment, to ground their young charges in the shows and tricks which degrade both music and themselves, and only excite pity in the minds of intelligent persons, unacquainted with the principles of the art, and taught to believe that such questionable displays are its legitimate manifestations. *Pater-Familias* may well curse the music-master ("*maestro*," but too often!), and doubt his wife's sagacity, when he finds the money he has laid out, and the annoyance to which (being non-musical, from the point of view at which he has been taught to contemplate the divine art), he has passively submitted, so barren of results—when, instead of being ravished at his daughter's talents, his friends either talk all the while she is playing, or steal politely out of the drawing room, long before the hardly practised "*morceau*" is concluded. All this comes of bad art being tolerated by those who can distinguish the real from the sham, and whose influence, social or public, might be exerted to so much real advantage—from the toleration, we repeat, of bad art, and the favour so lavishly bestowed, by members of the aristocracy and their snobbish imitators among the shipocracy and shopocracy, upon the musical charlatans, chiefly foreigners, with whom this metropolis absolutely swarms. A moment's reflection might convince our leaders of fashion that these foreigners, for the most part, despise us as heartily as they humbug us readily, and only settle in England because at home they enjoy no consideration, and are unable to obtain employment. The patronage thus unwisely and indiscriminately administered not only impoverishes our own meritorious professors, but indirectly influences the taste for music, and its consequent progress in this country.

In taking a general survey of the season now on the wane, we have a right to conclude that some advance has certainly been made in the proper direction, but that the worst kind of art has prevailed almost as much as ever in high places. Can anything be more trivial than the Court-concerts? Can anything be worse than those entertainments for the benefit of "distinguished foreign artists," which we continually see announced as taking place in the splendid mansions of the Duchess of Fitzbatleaxe, my Lord Darnley, my Lady Kew, and the rest of our fashionable *dilettanti*? Surely nothing. The very dregs of art are there made to pass for *Johannisberg* and *Chateau Margaux*. There we find Herr B(P)lock, "*il Signor*" Cipollani, and M. Durillon d'Engelure.\*

\* Only a namesake—no relation—of our foreign contributor.



enjoying undisturbed sway; while the young Fitzbattleaxes and Bareacres, instead of becoming, thanks to their musical accomplishments, graceful and welcome ornaments to society, are absolute bores on that very account—their polished instructors having taught them nothing but rubbish, whether for voice or instrument. And yet we find these worthies reaping a large harvest of guineas at their annual *matinées*, which are attended by all the crinoline and perfumery of the *beau monde*, who sigh and simper over the last *nocturne* of M. d'Engelure, weep with the new *canzonetta* of Sig. Cipollani, and shiver under the influence of Herr Block's most recent "Pluie." And this sort of stuff is admired and applauded, and promoted and taught for the advantage of young ladies destined hereafter to become the pests of genteel society—to administer that dose which is to embitter the tea and disenchant the muffins of their scented, kid-gloved, white-choked visitors.

Seriously, although much good has been done this year, it has still been balanced by so much evil, that we are almost afraid to say the art has moved a-head. Nor can musical progress ever be very decided, unless it takes in social influences—unless the enormous patronage accorded to foreign mediocrity finds some check. The only way of doing this effectually is to tempt the upper classes to the Philharmonic Concerts, to those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to performances of the stringed quartets and pianoforte music of the best masters, and to all entertainments where music is represented nobly and devotedly, without charlatanism or pretence of any kind. Let well-meaning professors unite in putting their shoulders to the wheel; and, with the help of enlightened amateurship and honest criticism, much may be effected in furtherance of this greatly-desired object.

WE intended to favour our readers with a *resumé* of the past week's theatrical proceedings, under the influence of cooler weather. But the past week gives us nothing to talk about. Barred from the past, we will look at the future, and call attention to the announcement that Mr. J. B. Buckstone is to take his benefit on Saturday next, the 10th instant.

May Mr. Buckstone's friends be warm, and may the weather be cool, on that occasion. The ill wind that brought harm to "little Bucky" would be without the amiability ascribed to ill-winds in general—it would blow nobody good. Not only is Mr. Buckstone the pet comedian of the public, but he is an object of affection to all who know him, and the name of these is legion. His appearance on the stage is the signal for applauding mirth; his rising from his seat, at the table of the General Theatrical Fund Dinner, gives the cue to mirthful applause. He is better off than the "Hare with many friends;" for he has not a single enemy. The friends of the hare deserted her, and she was slain by the hounds; but there are no hounds to trouble Mr. Buckstone, even if his friends treated him with the cold shoulder. But his friends will do nothing of the sort. A state of the thermometer injurious to Mr. Buckstone, would cause such a widespread grief, that it would recall the days of the Lisbon earthquake, and supply Dr. Bachhoffner, of the Colosseum, with a subject for a new Panorama.

Let, then, the breezes be of the coolest temperature that comfort allows on the night of Mr. Buckstone's benefit. Let no ill-timed rain render the pavement sloppy, make cabs scarce, or increase the difficulty of street circulation by a

conglomeration of umbrellas. If, by the chance of fate, there must be rain of some sort or other, let it be in the shape of a smart shower a little after seven o'clock, and drive into the Haymarket the few stragglers who otherwise would have remained outside. May the evening be just such an evening as a *beneficiaire*, who knows what is good for him, would crave from the gods.

The benefit on the 10th will be of no ordinary kind. It will terminate a season of five years' duration, the history whereof will be given by Mr. Buckstone in a special speech. Mr. Buckstone's oratorical powers are well known. Only fancy how nobly they will be employed in narrating the events of a season of five years under his own management. Persons absurdly young, or with ridiculously short memories, should be informed that great improvements have been effected in the Haymarket since the reins of government were placed in the hands of Mr. Buckstone. By him the stage was enlarged and the *salle* beautified. That appropriate *mise-en-scène*, which gives a new zest to comedy, and, in some cases, has helped very lame pieces over rather difficult stiles, is, in a great measure, owing to his spirit of reformation. While, however, he has complied with the exigencies of the age by his attention to scenery and costumes, he has taken care that the Haymarket should never be perverted from its ancient and legitimate purpose as the theatre of English comedy. By a modification of prices, which maintains the exclusiveness of the stalls, while it facilitates patronage of the pit, upper boxes, and gallery, he has moreover shown himself a wise financier on liberal and enlightened principles. But though, on coming into his theatre, he enlarged his stage, and beautified his *salle*, he does not think his work so complete as to make all renovation superfluous. He locks up his doors for further improvements, and astonishing will be the effulgence of beauty when he opens them for the winter.

On the 10th of July, recollect—on Saturday next—this night week, Mr. Buckstone's benefit will take place.

WE are not at all grieved to learn that the concert given in St. James's Hall, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music, on the evening of the 23rd ult., was comparatively a failure, even in a pecuniary sense. It deserved to be nothing else than a failure, since it was no Academy concert at all, but a concert "for the exhibition of" Lord Westmorland as a composer. The two-guinea tickets, it appears, found no market, and the "Lady-Patronesses" had either to return them, or to erase the aristocratic numeral "2," and substitute the mobocratic "1." So that the general public who could not see the Queen (for which they exclusively came), had to pay just as much as those who, favoured by Lady Patronesses, were contiguous to Majesty—viz., *one guinea*—in return for which they got Lord Westmorland's Mass and a touch of rheumatism. We entirely coincide with the following remarks by which *The Athenæum*, of the 19th ult., anticipated this incongruous entertainment:—

"ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We return to the Academy Concert at St. James's Hall, to be given on Wednesday next in the royal presence, because the programme thereof is too singular to be passed over. A large portion of the first act is to consist of a Mass by the Earl of Westmorland. Would not such music have come forward more modestly and more gracefully had the noble amateur given it at a benefit concert of his own, for the Academy, if his bounty so willed it? It was set forth (in the circular quoted by us, *ante*, p. 600) that the entertainment, commanded by Her Majesty as patroness, was to take place for the illustration of the Royal Academy. What is such a

first act but the illustration of Lord Westmorland as a composer? The advantage thus taken of an interesting occasion renders it impossible for any lover of music to keep silence. The more that we esteem and would nourish amateurship, the less can we consent to see it availing itself of social position to thrust out Art from Art's right place and its hardly-earned honours. Is it really a fact that the Academy has been, and is, so poor in composers that to eke out a concert fit for Royalty to hear, the Committee is obliged to apply to one of its amateur patrons—not professional pupils, past or present—for a novelty? Something like this we have again and again said, and have been considered illiberal for saying it. Remark, too, in confirmation of every past stricture of ours, by whom the principal solo parts in this illustrative concert are to be sustained:—Mesdames Novello, Viardot, and Rudersdorf, Mdle. Tietjens, Miss Pyne, and Miss Dolby (the one Academician!), Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Reichardt, Signori Giuglini and Belletti, and Mr. Weiss. This, however, is not all. It is said that the stranger artists have been invited to give their services gratuitously. Let us take, in contrast to proceedings so shabby, in every sense of the word (and in which we are satisfied Her Majesty's name has been used unadvisedly), those of the powers who preside over the Prague Conservatory. Their fiftieth anniversary is to be held on the 7th of next month and the three following days. "The concert music," say foreign journals, "will be executed by pupils now belonging to the establishment—the solo parts by artists who have here received education." This is as it should be."

In his current number our contemporary further alludes to the subject:—

"We give a rumour or two on the authority of our contemporaries. The first is, that Professor Bennett has formally withdrawn himself from all connection with the Royal Academy of Music. This will surprise no one who reflects that he is the one composer of European reputation whom that luckless establishment has ever turned out; and that, therefore, he had no figure nor place in the 'illustrative' concert got up by the noble amateur whose Mass was brought forward. So unanimous, indeed, is the feeling of every one with regard to this discreditable exhibition, that it will not surprise us—still less be any cause for regret—if such puny life as lingered in the Academy is shaken out of it by Wednesday's concert. Had artists, as a body, more moral courage to resist intimidation in the form of cajolery, such things could never happen. While, however, it may be feared that the present is not the last case of the kind by many on which we may have to animadvert, we shall not cease to fight the battle in defence of their independence, ungracious though the task be."

All this is much better and more for the advantage of art and artists than the strange attempts of the *Athenæum* to prove Herr Rubinstein "an undoubted man of genius," to whom "grudging justice" has been paid in this country. If Herr Rubinstein has been misunderstood in London, it is Herr Rubenstein's own fault—no one else's. He has played the music of great masters in a style that we sincerely hope may never be sanctioned here, however it may fit the pocket-borough of Friar Liszt, or the "capital of European civilisation"—however it may suit the paradox of Weimar or the *papillonage* (to coin a word) of Paris—or however it may edify that pompous gentleman who, under the signature of "J. d'Ortigue," is at the present moment so verbosely and so inefficiently performing the duties of M. Berlioz in the *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*.

MAD. SZARVADY left London for Paris on Saturday morning. HERR FRANZ ABT, the popular composer of German *Lieder*, has arrived in London.

MR. CLEMENT WHITE.—This esteemed and deservedly popular singer and composer is still at St. Francisco, in California, where his songs and ballads are becoming quite the vogue. Mr. Stephen J. McCormick, of Portland (Oregon), a distinguished American poet, is writing the words of six songs, and has chosen Mr. Clement White to set them to music. The first—"All hail, to the day that brightly breaks"—an American song of praise, is already in the press, and report speaks both of the poetry and music in the most flattering terms.

### MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S CLASSICAL CONCERT.

On Saturday afternoon Miss Arabella Goddard gave one of her most interesting performances of classical pianoforte music, and achieved perhaps her greatest success before the public. The following was the programme:—

#### PART I.

Quartet in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Op. 53)—Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Joseph Joachim, Herr Goffrie, and Signor Piatti	Dussek.
Grand Sonata in A minor (Op. 42), first time in public—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	Franz Schubert.
Variations on an Original Air, for tenor and pianoforte—Herr Joseph Joachim and Miss Arabella Goddard	J. Joachim.

#### PART II.

Suite de Pièces, in F ("Suites Anglaises," No. 4)—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	J. S. Bach.
Grand Sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin (Op. 47), dedicated to Kreutzer—Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joseph Joachim	Beethoven.

The rooms (Willis's) were crowded to suffocation, with members of the aristocracy and fashionable world, distinguished professors and well-known connoisseurs. We have rarely seen such an audience assembled at a concert—never at a mere chamber-concert. Nor have we ever witnessed greater, more sustained, or more richly warranted enthusiasm. Every piece in the programme had a special interest, and every piece was thoroughly appreciated. As we have written a great deal about Dussek and Schubert lately, not to mention Bach and Beethoven, we are at a loss for further sentences. Moreover, we can find nothing new to say about Miss Goddard's playing (unless perchance she would, for once in a way, lay herself open to criticism, to which she seems perversely disinclined). Under these circumstances we must be content to sum up at once in a verdict of unqualified approval. The great novelty was the picturesque and very original sonata of Franz Schubert, whose numerous works will afford our young English pianist a new and wealthy mine to explore—and especially his six grand solo sonatas, of which this one in A minor is the first. The next in importance was the interesting and thoughtful composition of Herr Joachim, in which the variation form is developed in a very elaborate and ingenious manner. The quartet of Dussek, a masterpiece of grace, was also almost as good as a novelty, so rarely is it publicly performed. Bach's suite is one of the freshest and most vigorous from the *Suites Anglaises*; and about the Kreutzer sonata we need say nothing. Herr Joachim played superbly, both on the viola, in his own piece, and on the violin in Beethoven's sonata, which was a triumph of skill and expression, on the part of both executants, and created nothing short of a *furor*.

The applause after each performance—more especially after the *scherzo* in Schubert's sonata, the *gigue* in Bach's suite (an incomparable display on the part of Miss Goddard, who deserves to be appointed High Priestess to the Patriarch of Music), and after every movement of Beethoven—was enthusiastic beyond description.

THE BRADFORD CHORUS.—The members of the Bradford Choral Society have been singing (twice) at the Crystal Palace. They also sang at a concert in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, got up under the auspices of Mr. Samuel Smith, the active manager of the Bradford Music Festival. Last night they were invited by Mr. Henry Leslie, to hear his choir in St. Martin's Hall.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated on Saturday, and the Queen and Prince Albert attended, with their illustrious guests, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant. The Royal party arrived about nine, and remained until the end of the ballet, *La Reine des Songes*, in which Madlle. Marie Taglioni took her leave for the season. The admirable and gracious *danseuse* was applauded to the echo, and *fêted* with bouquets, and honoured with a recall and an enthusiastic reception.

The performance of *Luisa Miller* on Tuesday evening does not call for any special remarks. The night, however, was celebrated by the *rentrée* of the eminent dancer Mad. Rosati in a *divertissement* from the ballet *La Sonnambula*, lately produced, or reproduced, more properly, at the Grand-Opéra of Paris with entire success. The music is not, as stated by some of our contemporaries—who should be better informed—by Auber, but by Hérold. Mad. Rosati was assisted by Madlle. Pocchini, and the dancing of the two great artists in amiable rivalry excited the audience to an unusual pitch of delight. Of course each *danseuse* was on her metal, and every device, *finesse*, art, and artifice, choregraphic and histrionic, was made use of in the struggle for pre-eminence. At present we shall indulge in no "comparisons," but merely affirm that the lily and the rose might as well be compared together as Mad. Rosati and Madlle. Pocchini. As Cowper says of the two rival flowers, or makes Flora say to them:—

"Be yours the rarer, lovelier hue,  
And yours the statelier mien,  
And 'till a third surpasses you,  
Let each be deemed a Queen."

The music of the new ballet, at least so much of it as we have heard, is very charming.

On Thursday *Il Trovatore*, with *La Sonnambula*.

The last of the morning representations will be given on Monday, when *Lucrezia Borgia* and *La Serva Padrona* will both be heard. The success of Paisiello's operetta, when first performed at Mr. Benedict's concert, makes the promise of a second representation equally welcome.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *La Traviata* was given, and was followed by *La Brésillienne*. The new dancer, Mdle. Zina, is making way fast in the estimation of the subscribers.

The *Huguenots* was performed on Monday, it being the first extra night this year. In consequence of the late period at which the season commenced, only three more of these performances can take place.

On Tuesday, Rossini's *Otello* introduced Signor Tambrerlik in his great part, the Moor. It was his first appearance since the early part of last year. The house was full, and the reception given to the popular tenor was overwhelming. The cast comprised—Desdemona, Grisi; Iago, Ronconi; Roderigo, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Elmiro (who should be called Brabantio—why alter Shakspeare's name?), Signor Tagliafico; and Emilia, Madame Tagliafico.

The *Otello* of Tambrerlik is altogether a powerful performance. The music suits him exactly, for though occasionally florid, it is not in the bravura style, like that of other tenor parts in Rossini's operas, and is, on the whole, in the composer's largest and best manner. Breadth and grandeur are almost everywhere required to do justice to the music of Rossini, and those are qualities eminently appertaining to Signor Tambrerlik's singing. The opening air, "Ah! si per voi," was sung and declaimed splendidly, and showed the singer in full possession of his powers. Of course the grand duet, "Non m'inganno, al mio rivale"—the counterpart of the great scene between Othello and Iago in Shakspeare's play—sung by Tambrerlik and Ronconi, created the old *fuore*, and was vociferously encored, Tambrerlik taking a C sharp in the final movement with immense power. In the last act, Tambrerlik surpasses himself. His acting is profoundly impressive, and his singing magnificent. But our readers are already acquainted, from numerous notices of Rossini's *Otello*, with all the details of the performance.

Some few years ago Grisi resigned the part of Desdemona to some other *prima donna*, but the result was not satisfactory. Grisi should never abandon Rossini. No living artist can even now approach her in Rossini's dramatic soprano music, and, luckily, few attempt it. We have not been so charmed and satisfied with any performance of Grisi's for years, as with her Desdemona on Tuesday night. Indeed, bating an occasional high note, which lacked the linnet-like clearness and brilliancy of her early days, we found no difference between the Desdemona of the present year and some dozen years since. The same exquisite quality in the middle voice; the same inimitable phrasing and expression; the same tenderness, pathos, passion, power; the same abandonment and impulse in the acting; the same ease, grace, nature; the same earnestness of look and propriety of deportment, were all evidenced from the first to the last scene, and rendered the entire performance worthy of a white mark in the memory, to which, in after days, we may recur with feelings of admiration and delight.

Ronconi finds the music of Iago too florid, and the part unworthy of his talents. Scarcely a single opportunity to shine is afforded the actor by the librettist. In the duet with Otello, and that with Roderigo, only is occasion presented to him of producing a great vocal effort. Of both of these opportunities Ronconi availed himself, and in the grand duet with Otello, sang and acted with intense fire and passion. Signor Neri-Baraldi gave the music of Roderigo with correctness, and was in every place, careful and painstaking. His voice, however, is not sufficiently flexible for the music, which is written in the composer's most florid style. Signor Tagliafico was exceedingly impressive as the old Magnifico, and delivered the malediction in the first *finale* with grand effect. Mad. Tagliafico was all that could be desired in the small but most important part of Emilia.

We have heard the band go better, and had several times to find fault on the score of loudness. The air sung behind the scenes by Otello in the last act, was rendered almost inaudible by the obstreperousness of the accompaniments. Mr. Costa will, doubtless, remedy this.

The scenery is beautiful, and the costumes as fine as need be. One word to Signor Tambrerlik as to his attire. All is admirable and appropriate except the turban, which is so evident a mistake that we wonder how he could have fallen into it. Otello is a Venetian general, and should be dressed accordingly. There is no defending it—no arguing about it, and the sooner Signor Tambrerlik doffs the Moorish turban and dons the Venetian bonnet the better.

M. Flotow's *Martha* was produced, for the first time, on Thursday evening. The success achieved by the opera in Paris last season, with Mario in the principal character, no doubt impelled the management to introduce it on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera. Moreover, the *libretto* presented a fair field for the scene-painter and costumier, no small inducement in an establishment of which spectacular display constitutes one of the principal attractions. The orchestra was necessarily of secondary consideration, the music of *Martha* being simple and unpretending in the extreme. On the cast, therefore, the scenery and dresses, Mr. Gye relied principally for his success. Nor was he disappointed. *Martha* was received, from first to last, on Thursday night with genuine applause.

It is not necessary to describe the plot, which has already been done at length by our Paris correspondent, when *Martha* was brought out in the French capital last winter. Besides, the story is well known from Balfe's opera, *The Maid of Honour*, which, with the exception of one scene concocted in the alembic of Mr. Fitzball's fanciful imagination, is identical with that of *Martha*. The plot is taken from the ballet *Lady Henriette*, produced many years since at the Grand-Opéra, Paris, so that the tale may be said to be as old as the hills.

The music is slightly constructed, and presents no very salient points of orchestration or harmony. The melodies, however, are pleasing and graceful, although seldom striking. The scene of the Statute Fair, with its truth, life, variety, and changes, would require the pen of Auber to do it full justice. It is due to M. Flotow, nevertheless, to admit that his music is lively, and the interest is not allowed to slacken through the entire scene.



The most effective *morceaux* in the opera, and those most likely to take with the public, are the romanza, "M'appari tutt' amor," sung by Lionel; the air for ditto, "Solo, profugo, reietto;" the air, "Chi mi di rà," by Plumkett; Nancy's air—made popular in Vienna by Madlle. Jetty Trefftz singing—"Il tuo stral nel lanciar;" the air in the fourth act, for Plumkett, "Il mio Lionello perira;" and the air for Henrietta, "Qui tranquilla." Some of the concerted music, too, is very pretty. We would name the quartet, "Dormi pur, ma il mio riposto;" the *morceau d'ensemble*, "Ah! che a voi perdoni;" and the duet "Oh! qual voce," in the third act, between Henriette and Lionel, as among the most effective pieces in the opera, and which cannot fail to prove attractive off as well as on the stage. So much at present for the music of *Martha*.

The cast included Mesdames Bosio, Nantier-Didiée, Signors Mario, Graziani, Tagliafico, and Soldi. Mario was encoired in the romanza, "M'appari tutt' amor," which he sang with exquisite tenderness and feeling; and Mad. Bosio received the same compliment in the "Last rose of summer" (in Italian, "Qui sola, vergin rosa,") which everybody knows has been employed by M. Flotow with so much effect in *Martha*. The quartet in which Lionel and Plumkett attempt to teach Henrietta and Nancy how to use the spinning-wheels, was also redemanded; but this was in great measure to be attributed to the capital singing and acting of Mesdames Bosio and Didiée and Signors Mario and Graziani.

The *divertissement* in the Statute Fair—most admirably danced, by the way, by Mdles Zina and Delachaux and M. Desplaces—was entirely out of place in the reign of Queen Anne. M. Flotow lost a good opportunity of introducing some of the old English dances in their proper situation.

There was a crowded house. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, and remained to the end of the opera.

*Martha* will be repeated to-night.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE last of the rehearsals by the metropolitan contingent of the Handel Festival Chorus, preparatory to the grand performance yesterday at the Crystal Palace, took place on Wednesday evening at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. Costa. Nearly 1,400 singers attended, among whom were the members of the Bradford choir. Among the company present were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Lord Stanley, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, Sir John Burgoyne, the Lord Mayor of London, &c., &c. Most of the pieces which constituted the programme of yesterday's concert were rehearsed, and all went satisfactorily.

The Choral Demonstration which took place yesterday at the Crystal Palace was on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. The chorus numbered 2,000 voices, and the instrumental force comprised 400 players, including the bands of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Royal Italian Opera, the Amateur Musical Society, the Crystal Palace, together with the Crystal Palace Wind Band, and the bands of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards. The wonder is, indeed, considering there were so many bands, and that the Royal Italian Opera reckons eighty in its ranks, the number did not far exceed four hundred. There were, moreover, twelve harps, and the monster organ of Gray and Davison added its musical thunders to the aggregation of sounds.

The chorus was composed of the fourteen hundred members of the London Amateur Division of the Great Handel Festival Choir, the leading professional choral singers, two hundred Yorkshire chorists, including the celebrated Bradford Choir, with deputations from many of the leading Provincial Choral Societies, the Cathedrals, and various Continental Choral and Part-song Choirs.

The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Chorale, the Hundredth Psalm. Chant, "Venite, exultemus Domino"—Tallis. Trio, "Lift thine eyes;" Chorus, "He, watching over Israel" (Elijah)—Mendelssohn. Chorus, "When His loud voice" (Jephtha)—Handel. Chorus, "The Lord is good" (Eli)—Costa. Quartet and Chorus, "Holy, holy, holy" (Elijah)—Mendelssohn. Motet, "Ave verum corpus"—Mozart. Song and Chorus, "Philistines, hark!" (Eli)—Costa.

PART II.—Chorus, "Oh, the pleasure of the plains" (Acis and Galatea)—Handel. Part-song, "Farewell to the forest"—Mendelssohn. Chorus, "To Thee, O Lord of all" (Prayer—Mose in Egitto)—Rossini. Trio and Chorus, "See the conquering hero comes" (Judas Maccabæus)—Handel. Solo and Chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean" (Idomeneo)—Mozart. Chorus, "Hear, Holy Power" (Prayer—Massaniello)—Auber. Song and Chorus, "God save the Queen."

The performance throughout was extremely grand and impressive, almost every piece being received with the greatest enthusiasm. The solo vocalists were Mad. Clara Novello, Mrs. Lockey, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

The finest performances were Mendelssohn's quartet and chorus, and his part-song. Both were encoired in a tumult of applause. Encores were also awarded to the song and chorus from *Eli*, Mr. Sims Reeves singing magnificently, and to the trio and chorus from *Judas Maccabæus*. Mr. Costa conducted the whole performance, and was received with uproarious cheers on ascending the platform. Mr. Brownsmith presided at the organ.

The number of visitors had not been ascertained when we left, but the general opinion inclined to fix it at more than 20,000, a far larger number than attended on any day of the Handel Festival.

A concert by the "Tonic Sol-Fa Association" was held last week, and, as last year, attracted an immense concourse, 30,000 people being present. The seventy-four public and private schools of all Christian persuasions in which the system is inculcated sent delegates, and nearly 3,500 children and 500 adults stood up in the grand Handel orchestra to sing. The performance, if not perfect, was really extraordinary, and such was the delight of the audience that they attempted to encore every piece. Fortunately there were a few thousands present who, having more forbearance for the juvenile executants, or, considering that enough was as good as a feast, discounted this double taxation on the singers; so that the chorus was compelled to repeat four pieces only. These were, Anthem, by R. A. Smith, "How beautiful upon the mountain;" Spofforth's glee, "Hail, smiling morn;" a chorus, "The Echo;" and the National Anthem. The usual demonstration followed the last performance, in which the strength of the lungs of the youthful choristers was more powerfully manifested than even in their singing. The conductors were Messrs. J. Saril and W. S. Young.

#### VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE sixth and last concert, on Wednesday evening (at which Madame Goldschmidt and her husband were present) was well attended. The following was the programme:—

##### PART I.

Hymn of Praise (Lobgesang), solos by Miss Louisa Pyne  
Miss Stabbach, and Mr. Montem Smith ... Mendelssohn.

##### PART II.

Overture (Henry the Fourth) ... ..	Joachim.
Scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," Miss Stabbach ...	Weber.
Glee, "When winds breathe soft" ... ..	Webbe.
Concerto, E flat, pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé ...	Mozart.
Aria, "Non mi dir," Miss Louisa Pyne ... ..	Mozart.
Madrigal, "Fair May Queen" ... ..	Luca Marenzio.
National Anthem ... ..	Arranged by Benedict.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

Herr Joachim conducted his own overture, which was very imperfectly executed, and which we shall not presume to judge after a single hearing under such unfavourable circumstances. Mr. Hallé played Mozart's concerto in E flat (the same which was performed by Mr. Sterndale Bennett not many years since at the Philharmonic Concerts) in a very masterly manner, and with the utmost success. The *Lobgesang* did not go so well as we could have wished, or as it might have gone in a room better adapted for sound. Miss Stabbach obtained great applause in Weber's *scena*, and Miss L. Pyne sang Mozart's "Non mi dir" charmingly. The madrigal was better sung than the glee by the members of the Vocal Association, which would gain considerably by disbanding some third of its numbers, and thus ridding itself of "black-sheep" in the shape of utterly incompetent singers.

HERR REICHARDT'S CONCERT, on Monday morning, at the Hanover-square Rooms, was an entertainment far above the average, both as to variety and excellence. It commenced with Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, the executants being Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. Need we say how finely the trio was executed by three such incomparable artists. A romance of Schubert's on the violoncello by Signor Piatti, and a solo on the pianoforte by Miss Arabella Goddard—Wallace's "Robin Adair"—both brilliantly executed and both loudly applauded, were the other instrumental pieces. Herr Reichardt sang the aria from *Euryanthe*, "Wehen mir Lüfte Ruh," two *Lieder*, ("Morgengruss" by Mendelssohn, and "Es glänzt un Abensonnengolde" by Fesca), and a new song composed by himself, "Da bist mir nah und doch so fern" (by the way, he sang the English version "Thou art so near and yet so far," by John Oxenford), besides joining in the trio of Maskers from *Don Giovanni*, with Mesdames Lemmens Sherrington and Sulzer Belart, and in a trio by Kreutzer, with Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Herr Pischek. Herr Reichardt, who has been heard too rarely this season in the concert room, sang with great taste and expression, the aria from *Euryanthe* and his own song more particularly creating a decided impression. Madame Sulzer Belart made her first appearance before a London public. She is the wife of Sig. Belart, of Her Majesty's Theatre, and had previously earned a reputation as a concert-room singer in Paris. Her voice is light, French in quality, and she sings skilfully. She selected the hackneyed air from *Robert le Diable*, "Robert, toi, que j'aime," and was evidently very nervous. Madame Lemmens Sherrington, who is singing better—with more voice and greater finish—than we have heard her since she first sang at St. Martin's Hall, gave Benedict's fine air, "A la clarte de mille feux," with extreme brilliancy, and Herr Pischek sang "The Recruit" in German. Messrs. Benedict, Ganz, and F. Berger conducted.

M. JULLIEN AT SOUTHAMPTON.—Great preparations were made, under the management of Mr. Gubbins, for Jullien's grand summer fête, which took place on Thursday and Friday, at the South Hants Antelope Cricket Ground, engaged for the occasion. The fête consisted of three open air concerts by Jullien's celebrated band, including several vocalists of celebrity, among whom were the Misses Ransford, Messent, Birch, Sedlatzek, Eyles, and Lascelles. Between the first and second parts, Chinese Magicians exhibited their feats of legerdemain, &c., and the entire entertainment concluded with a display of fireworks by the pyrotechnist, Mr. Darby, of the Surrey Gardens. These concerts, judging from the programme and the general arrangements, were on a scale never before attempted in Southampton. The number of the tickets sold was very large, and a vast audience did honour to the summons of the popular conductor.—*Southampton Herald*.

PERFUNCTORY.—What is the meaning of the word "perfunctory?" Does it not imply the performance of duties merely for the sake of getting through them—in other words, hasty, superficial, unconscientious, or, at all events, incomplete performance? We believe that, in the *Musical World*, this magnificent polysyllable is used as signifying anything to which the *Musical World* may happen to object, and we find, to our horror, that the stigma of "perfunctory" has been applied to some remarks which we published last week on the subject—not of Rubinstein, but of Rubinstein's critics. Which among these were right, and which were wrong, we did not undertake to say; but we informed our readers that the pianist in question was to play at Mr. Benedict's concert on the following Monday, when, for half they would have to pay at the Philharmonic, they could hear him and judge for themselves. Now, what do our readers suppose the *Musical World* has discovered from our remarks and recommendation as given above? That we had some pecuniary interest in Mr. Benedict's concert (which we hadn't); or that we are no judge of pianoforte playing (which, as we will prove to the *Musical World* we are); or that we are a Russian at heart (which we are in one sense, and not in another). As to pianoforte playing, the only performers for whom we have ever expressed any very extraordinary admiration in these columns are Professor Bennett, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Madame Szarvady (W. Claus). Now, since the *Musical World* has said that each of these pianists is an admirable pianist, therefore they are admirable

pianists; and therefore we had a right to admire them without fear of being taunted by our esteemed contemporary with want of judgment. As to what we are "at heart," we can only say that we think neither better nor worse of a man on account of his having been born a few leagues further north-east than ourselves; that a fine sonata is a fine sonata, whether played by an Englishman or a Russian, provided only it be played well; and that to care about the nationality of a great artist appears to us about as reasonable as to inquire whether he has been vaccinated or has had the measles. In music, which is at once a universal language and a universal literature, such distinctions are especially out of place.—*Illustrated Times*.

## THE NEW ORGAN AT ARCHBISHOP TENISON'S CHAPEL, REGENT-STREET.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

THIS organ, a rebuild, by Gray and Davison in 1856, and noticed in the *Musical World* of April 19th in that year, has—to use a marine phrase—just been in dock for a complete overhaul and improvement, resuming its place on Saturday, the 5th ultimo, after an absence of four weeks. This organ, though an excellently factured instrument, was, in certain particulars hereafter to be explained, unsatisfactory. To persons familiar with the general history of the organ, and the progress of the art of its facture, it is well-known that pipes of the flue species improve in quality of tone with age. Reeds, on the contrary, deteriorate. A diapason of "Father Smith," or Ranatus Harris is at the present time invaluable, whereas a trumpet or hautboy of those fathers of modern organ-building in England, is worthless beyond that of its price as old metal for the melting pot. In like manner the flue-work of the existing organs of the makers of the succeeding age—Schrider, Bridge, Byfield the elder, Snetzler, &c., &c., still remains excellent, but the reeds have generally become bad, and in organs that have been well cared for these stops have mostly been renewed.\*

The organ at Tenison's Chapel was a Byfield, of the date of 1750; rebuilt, with additions, by Gray and Davison in 1856, abandoning all the old instrument except the case and a portion of the pipes. Unfortunately, the great organ trumpet, then suspected of being only very slightly defective, was (from motives of economy, being an extensive stop) retained. This, however, proved an error, for its disagreeable tones were found to prominently pervade in every combination with which it was used, just as a few drops of bitter aloes would influence any favourite beverage. The removal of the pipes of this stop, and replacing new, was one of the objects of the recent work. By reason of acoustic peculiarities in the structure of the edifice, and the position of the organ therein, the instrument, when put out in

\* There are exceptions to this rule. In Snetzler's fine old organ of the parish Church of St. John, Hackney, built 1758, the original reeds of the great organ remain, and are still spirited, crisp, and rich. The noble organ of St. Sepulchre's, Snow-hill, the original part of which was constructed by Ranatus Harris, anno 1667, had its reeds renewed by Byfield, in 1730, and these are to this day very fine. A curious incident is related of this excellent artificer in reference to this organ of St. Sepulchre's. Byfield was son-in-law of Ranatus Harris, was his workman, and subsequently succeeded to the business. Besides the removal of the great organ reeds at St. Sepulchre, in 1730, he at the same time built to it a swell organ—one of the earliest swells on record—and the fame that has ever attached to this instrument is more attributable to Byfield's work of the period referred to, than to that of its original construction. Although he had built many excellent organs, the old man considered this his choicest work, and regarded the instrument with a sort of parental affection. He being its appointed tuner always preferred to tune it himself, and forbade any one else to touch it, alleging that he never could attend to a second on the same day, inasmuch as he could not bear to hear any reed work after it. Indeed, his partiality was carried so far as to request that his body might, after his death, be interred as near to it as possible, and which request was complied with:—his remains lie in the southwestern part of the churchyard, where they were deposited about the year 1750. The organ of St. George's, Doncaster, burnt with the church, in 1852, and which had ever been reputed as the finest instrument in the kingdom, was built by this Byfield, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, John Harris, anno 1739.

force, was found too powerful for the chapel. To remedy this defect was another object of the work. The pipes throughout have been re-voiced to a more delicate intonation, painstakingly executed by Mr. Abbott, one of the most skilled artificers of the builder's establishment. The sesquialtra stop (great organ) has been toned down by the abstraction of the tierce rank and the substitution of a principal, making the compound of that register, principal 12th and 15th, breaking at middle C. Those acquainted with the effect of tuning by equal temperament, for which new method (at least new in England) of tuning this organ is arranged, will at once perceive the improved concord that must result from the sesquialtra as now compounded.

At the same time, the opportunity which the organ being taken to pieces presented, has been availed of for effecting a variety of other improvements, among which may be mentioned, in the swell, the hautboy—heretofore stopping at tenor C—has received the pipes of the lower octave, thus carrying it down to the full compass double C. The chorus of this division has been brightened up by the addition of a two-rank mixture stop, a compound of the 10th and 22nd; here also omitting the tierce. A karolaphon, a new solo stop of delicious intonation, the invention of the builders (Messrs. Gray and Davison), for which the firm obtained the Great Exhibition Prize Medal, has also been introduced here. The bourdon has been made to draw in two, thus making the bass of it independently available by means of the coupler for the pedal, a work trifling in itself, but giving a result equivalent to a second stop on the pedal, supplying a suitable pedal bass for soft organ, for which purpose the large tones of the 16 feet opens are inappropriate.

The synopsis now stands thus:—

Two rows of keys; great organ and swell; the compass of each C C to F. All the stops, with the exception of the cremons and karolaphon, which latter are minus the lower octave, extend entirely through the scale. Pedals C C C to E; two octaves and a third.

GREAT ORGAN.	SWELL.	PEDAL.
1. Open diapason.	1. Bourdon.	Open diapason, 16 feet.
2. Stopped diapason, bass.	2. Open diapason.	
3. Clarabella, treble.	3. Stopped diapason.	
4. Principal.	4. Clarinet flute.	Three composition pedals to the Great Organ; two ditto to the swell.
5. Twelfth.	5. Principal.	
6. Fifteenth.	6. Fifteenth.	
7. Sesquialtra, three ranks.	7. Mixture.	
8. Dulciana.	8. Karolaphon.	
9. Trumpet.	9. Cornopean.	Three couplers.
10. Cremona.	10. Hautboy.	

The pipes of the first six stops of the great organ formed a portion of the original organ of Byfield. These, mellowed in their tones by age, are of excellent quality. The open diapason (the front ornamental pipes), is an extremely beautiful one, and with the various improvements now effected the instrument becomes a very choice one of its class—deep and rich in its volume of tone, yet quiet and of much variety. The total outlay, inclusive of the work of 1856, has been somewhat near £400; and the value of an entire modern tenor C swell of six stops, which formed part of the former organ, and fell into the hands of the builders by the terms of their contract.

This work has been carried out at the instance of Mr. Frederick Crane, of Regent-street, the now retiring churchwarden of the parish of St. James's, trustee of the chapel, through whose exertions the instrument was rebuilt in 1856—exertions induced only by the desire that the congregation worshipping in this favourite little "tabernacle" (with which he has had officially

\* This chapel founded—as well as the free grammar school in connection therewith—by Dr. Tenison, the first rector of St. James's, afterwards Primate, and first opened for Divine Service anno 1702, was then, and for many years afterwards, called "The Tabernacle." The statutes of the foundation direct that "prayers be said therein every morning and every evening throughout the year," and provides two clergymen for the performance of the duty, which is faithfully fulfilled at 9 a.m. and 7½ p.m.: with four services (9, 11, 3, and 7) on Sundays. The Rev. J. G. Cowan, late the evening preacher at the mother church (St. James's), is the chief minister; the Rev. W. J. Richardson, reader and assistant-preacher. An additional curate (the Rev. E. Lacy) also ministers here, whose stipend is provided by the

so much to do), should have the praises they sing harmonised by a musical instrument composed of sounds sweet and beautiful as the highest skill in the art of the facture could give voice to.

It may, however, be remarked here, that although this organ is perfectly complete in itself, as it now stands, yet, as respects extent of stop, and variety, it can be regarded only as an instrument of the secondary class. But in planning the rebuilding of it in 1856, provision was made for facilitating the subjoining (at any future period) of a choir organ, of some seven or eight stops, to be contained in a separate case, and stand in front, after the style seen in many of the collegiate chapels of the universities, and as adopted in the restoring of the organ at the parish church in Piccadilly in 1852, with a result so highly satisfactory, and at the same time so ornamental, to that elegant interior. For carrying out this extension the further sum of £200 is required, and it is hoped, it some day or other will be accomplished: when, by transplanting to the new department the dulciana, cremona, and karolaphon—which stops more properly appertain to a choir—and substituting on the slides they now occupy other stops essential to a further varying of harmonious combinations, this instrument will stand in the foremost rank of the metropolitan church organs.

congregation. A minimum portion, only, of the accommodation of the chapel is reserved for letting, all besides is open free. No aid from any of the societies has ever been availed of for this chapel. At the period of the general falling in of the Regent-street leases, early in the next century, Tenison's chapel and school becomes a rich foundation.

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